

*The Comical Historie of*

*Loren.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealch of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner:

*Clown.* For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinher sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

*Loren.* O deare discretion, how his words are suted, The foole hath planted in his memory

An Armie of good words, and I do know  
A many fooles that stand in better place,  
Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word  
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*?

And now good sweet say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

*Iess.* Past all expressing, it is very meet  
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life:  
For having such a blessing in his Lady,  
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,  
And if on earth he do not meane it,  
In reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And *Portia* one: there must be something else  
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Loren.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Iessi.* Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

*Loren.* I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

*Iessi.* Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

*Loren.* No, pray thee let it serve for table talke,  
Then how so ere thou speakst, mong other things,  
I shall digest it.

*Iessi.* Well, ile set you forth.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio,*

*Bassanio, and Gratiano.*

*Duke.* What, is *Anthonio* heere?

*Anth.* Ready,

*the Merc.*

*Anth.* Ready, so please you

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee,  
A stony Adversary, an inhumane  
Uncapable of pittie, voyd, and  
From any dram of mercy.

*Anth.* I have heard  
Your Grace hath tane great p  
His rigorous course; but since  
And that no lawfull meanes c  
Out of his envies reach, I do c  
My patience to his fury, and an  
To suffer with a quietnesse of  
The very tyranny and rage of

*Duke.* Go one and call the

*Salerio.* He is ready at the

*Enter Sh*

*Duke.* Make roome, and le  
*Shylocke,* the world thinks, and  
That thou but lead'st this fash  
To the last houre of act, and th  
Thou w'l't shew thy mercy an  
Tha is thy strange apparant cr  
And where thou now exacts t  
Which is a pound of this poo  
Thou wilt not onely loose th  
But toucht with humane gent  
Forgive a moytie of the princ  
Glauncing an eye of pittie on h  
That have of late so hudled on  
Enow to presse a royall Merch  
And pluck commiseration of  
From brassic bosomes, and rou  
From stubborne Turkes, and T  
To Offices of tender curtesie;  
We all expect a gentle answer

*Iew.* I have posselt your G  
And by our hōly Sabbaoth ha  
To have the due and forfeit of